



Spampocalypse



apocalypse

internet

spam

42 4 6

Chapter 1 by the smiling man

I knew this would happen.

With so much spam on the internet, it was an inevitable fate.

The Spampocalypse.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



Memes from 2007 rain perilously from the sky, smashing stray cats sky high and destroying property (and moral) values as far as the eye can see. Advertisements for the free expansion of genitals haunt alleyways, hoping to swoon young men into their virus-ridden clutches. Princes from Nigeria donate generous amounts of money - at least, they say they will, if you pay them first. Obnoxious emails from petition websites fill the streets with shocking headlines, screaming hyperboles about "toxins in YOUR water supply" and "my son has been in jail unfairly for sixteen years!!!". And, of course, the actual food is still around. It's still not good, if you're wondering.

But no more.

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My name is Kaspersky, and with the help of my pal Norton, it ends here.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka

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"Kasp?" my friend says in a voice no lower than a whisper. "Grab your gun."

He's always had a commanding air about him, and I would follow him to the ends of the earth. In destroying the flurry of memes, I might just have to.

I raid our cabinet for supplies. I grab a variety of meme-be-gone sprays in twenty different scents, a net, and a jar of peanut butter.

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

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